

THE  
E P I L O G U E.

*Written by Mr. Otway to his Play call'd Venice Preserv'd, or a Plot Discover'd; spoken upon his Royal Highness the Duke of York's coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21. 1682.*

**V**hen too much Plenty, Luxury, and Ease,  
Had surfeited this Isle to a Disease ;  
When noisome Blaines did its best parts ore-  
And on the rest their dire Infection shed ;      (spread  
Our Great Physician, who the Nature knew }      King.  
Of the Distemper, and from whence it grew,  
Fix't for Three Kingdoms quiet (Sir)on You :  
He cast his searching Eyes o're all the Frame,  
And finding whence before one sickness came,      In Scotland.  
How once before our Mischiefs foster'd were,  
Knew well Your Virtue, and apply'd You there :  
Where so Your Goodness, so Your Justice sway'd,  
You but appear'd, and the wild Plague was stay'd.

When, from the filthy Dunghil-faction bred,  
New-form'd Rebellion durst rear up its head,  
Answer me all : who struck the Monster dead ?

See, see, the injur'd PRINCE, and bless his Name,  
Think on the Martyr from whose Loynes he came :  
Think on the Blood was shed for you before,  
And Curse the Paricides that thirst for more.  
His Foes are yours, then of their Wiles beware :  
Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there ;  
Where let his Wrongs your Zeal for him Improve ;  
He wears a Sword will justifie your Love.  
With Blood still ready for your good t' expend,  
And has a Heart that ne're forgot his friend.  
His Duteous Loyalty before you lay,  
And learn of him, unumur'm ring to obey.

A

Think



Think what he's born, your Quiet to restore;  
Repent your madness and rebell no more.

No more let *Bout'feu's* hope to lead Petitions,  
Scriv'ner's to be Treas'ruers Pedlers, Politicians;  
Nor ev'ry fool, whose Wife has tri'd at Court,  
Pluck up a spirit, and turn Rebell for't.

In Lands where Cuckolds multiply like ours,  
What Prince can be too Jealous of their powers,  
Or can too often think himself alarm'd?  
They're male contents that ev'ry where go arm'd:  
And when the horned Herd's together got,  
Nothing portends a Commonwealth like that.

Cast, cast your Idols off, your Gods of wood,  
Er'e yet Philistins fatten with your blood:  
Renounce your Priests of Baal with *Amen*-faces,  
Your Wapping Feasts, and your Mile-End High-places.

*of Shaysbury* Nail all your Medals on the Gallows Post,

In recompence th' Original was lost:  
At these, illustrious Repentance pay,  
In his kind hands your humble Offerings lay:  
Let Royal Pardon be by him implor'd,  
Th' Attomyng Brother of your Anger'd Lord:  
He only brings a Medicine fit to a swage  
A peoples folly, and rowz'd Monarch's rage;  
An Infant Prince yet lab'ring in the womb,  
Fated with wond'reus happiness to come,  
He goes to fetch the mighty blessing home:  
Send all your wishes with him, let the Ayre  
With gentle breezes waft it safely here,  
The Seas, like what they'l carry, calm and fair:  
Let the Illustrious Mother touch our Land  
Mildly, as hereafter may her Son Command;  
While our glad Monarch welcomes her to shoar,  
With kind assurance; she shall part no more.

Be the Majestick Babe then smiling born,  
And all good signs of Fate his Birth adorn,  
So live and grow, a constant pledg to stand  
Of CÆSAR'S Love to an obedient Land.